

*Mess.* My selfe haue Letters of the selfe-same Tenure.

*Bru.* With what Addition.

*Mess.* That by proscription, and billes of Outlarie,  
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,  
Haue put to death, an hundred Senators.

*Bru.* Therein our Letters do not well agree:  
Mine speake of seuentie Senators, that dy'de  
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

*Cassi.* Cicero one?

*Messa.* Cicero is dead, and by that order of proscription  
Had you your Letters from your wife, my Lord?

*Bru.* No *Messala*.

*Messa.* Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?

*Bru.* Nothing *Messala*.

*Messa.* That me thinkes is strange.

*Bru.* Why aske you?

Heare you ought of her, in yours?

*Messa.* No my Lord.

*Bru.* Now as you are a Roman tell me true.

*Messa.* Then like a Roman, beare the truth I tell;  
For certaine she is dead, and by strange manner.

*Bru.* Why farewell *Portia*: We must die *Messala*:  
With meditating that she must dye once,  
I haue the patience to endure it now.

*Messa.* Euen so great men, great losses shold indure.

*Cassi.* I haue as much of this in Art as you,  
But yet my Nature could not beare it so.

*Bru.* Well, to our worke aline. What do you thinke  
Of marching to *Philippi* presently.

*Cassi.* I do not thinke it good.

*Bru.* Your reason?

*Cassi.* This it is:

'Tis better that the Enemy seeke vs,  
So shall he waste his meanes, weary his Souldiers,  
Doing himselfe offence, whilst we lying still,  
Are full of rest, defence, and nimblenesse.

*Bru.* Good reasons must of force giue place to better:

The people 'twixt *Philippi*, and this ground

Do stand but in a forc'd affection:

For they haue grudg'd vs Contribution:

The Enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number vp,

Come on refreshed, new added, and encourag'd:

From which aduantage shall we cut him off.

If at *Philippi* we do face him there,

These people at our backe.

*Cassi.* Heare me good Brother.

*Bru.* Vnder your pardon. You must note beside,

That we haue tride the vtmost of our Friends:

Our Legions are brim full, our cause is ripe,

The Enemy encreaseth euery day,

We at the height, are readie to decline.

There is a Tide in the affayres of men,

Which taken at the Flood, leades on to Fortune:

Omitted, all the voyage of their life,

Is bound in Shallowes, and in Miseries.

On such a full Sea are we now a-float,

And we must take the current when it serues,

Or loose our Ventures.

*Cassi.* Then with your will go on: wee'l along

Our selues, and meet them at *Philippi*.

*Bru.* The deepe of night is crept vpon our talke,

And Nature must obey Necessitie,

Which we will niggar, with a little rest:

There is no more to say.

*Cassi.* No more, good night,

Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.

*Enter Lucius.*

*Bru.* *Lucius* my Gowne: farewell good *Messala*,  
Good night *Tutinius*: Noble, Noble *Cassius*,  
Good night, and good repose.

*Cassi.* O my deere Brother:

This was an ill beginning of the night:

Neuer come such diuision 'twene our foules:

Let it not *Brutus*.

*Enter Lucius with the Gowne.*

*Bru.* Euery thing is well.

*Cassi.* Good night my Lord.

*Bru.* Good night good Brother.

*Tit. Messa.* Good night Lord *Brutus*.

*Bru.* Farewell euery one.

Giue me the Gowne. Where is thy Instrument?

*Luc.* Heere in the Tent.

*Bru.* What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poore knaue I blame thee not, thou art ore-watch'd,

Call *Claudio*, and some other of my men,

He haue them sleepe on Cushions in my Tent.

*Luc. Varrus*, and *Claudio*.

*Enter Varrus and Claudio.*

*Var.* Cals my Lord?

*Bru.* I pray you sirs, lye in my Tent and sleepe,

It may be I shall raise you by and by

On businesse to my Brother *Cassius*.

*Var.* So please you, we will stand,

And watch your pleasure.

*Bru.* I will not haue it so: Lye downe good sirs,

It may be I shall otherwise bethinke me.

Looke *Lucius*, heere's the booke I sought for so:

I put it in the pocket of my Gowne.

*Luc.* I was sure your Lordship did not giue it me.

*Bru.* Beare with me good Boy, I am much forgetfull.

Canst thou hold vp thy heaume eyes a-while,

And touch thy Instrument a straine or two.

*Luc.* I my Lord, an't please you.

*Bru.* It does my Boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

*Luc.* It is my duty Sir.

*Bru.* I should not vrge thy duty past thy might,

I know yong bloods looke for a time of rest.

*Luc.* I haue slept my Lord already.

*Bru.* It was well done, and thou shalt sleepe againe:

I will not hold thee long. If I do liue,

I will be good to thee.

*Musicke, and a Song.*

This is a sleepey Tune: O Mord'rous slumbler!

Layest thou thy Leaden Mace vpon my Boy,

That playes thee Musicke? Gentle knaue good night:

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:

If thou do'st nod, thou break'st thy Instrument,

He take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.

Let me see, let me see; is not the Lease turn'd downe

Where I left reading? Heere it is I thinke.

*Enter the Ghost of Caesar.*

How ill this Taper burnes. Ha! Who comes heere?

I thinke it is the weakenesse of mine eyes

That shapeth this monstrous Apparition.

It comes vpon me: Art thou any thing?

Art thou some God, some Angell, or some Diuell,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my haire to stare?

Speake to me, what thou art.

*Ghost.* Thy euill Spirit *Brutus*?

*Bru.* Why com'st thou?

*Ghost.* To tell thee thou shalt see me at *Philippi*.

*Bru.* Well: then I shall see thee againe?

*Ghost.* I, at *Philippi*.

*Bru.* Why I will see thee at *Philippi* then:

Now I haue taken heart, thou vanishest.

Ill Spirit, I would hold more talke with thee.

Boy, *Lucius*, *Varrus*, *Claudio*, Sirs: Awake:

*Claudio.*

*Luc.* The strings my Lord, are false.

*Bru.* He thinkes he still is at his Instrument.

*Lucius*, awake.

*Luc.* My Lord.

*Bru.* Did'st thou dreame *Lucius*, that thou so cryedst

out?

*Luc.* My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

*Bru.* Yes that thou did'st: Did'st thou see any thing?

*Luc.* Nothing my Lord.

*Bru.* Sleepe againe *Lucius*: Sirra *Claudio*, Fellow,

Thou: Awake.

*Var.* My Lord.

*Cla.* My Lord.

*Bru.* Why did you so cry out sirs, in your sleepe?

*Both.* Did we my Lord?

*Bru.* I: saw you any thing?

*Var.* No my Lord, I saw nothing.

*Cla.* Nor I my Lord.

*Bru.* Go, and commend me to my Brother *Cassius*:

Did him set on his Powres betimes before,

And we will follow.

*Both.* It shall be done my Lord.

*Exeunt*

## Actus Quintus.

*Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.*

*Octa.* Now *Antony*, our hopes are answered,

You said the Enemy would not come downe,

But keepe the Hilles and vpper Regions:

It proues not so: their battailes are at hand,

They meane to warne vs at *Philippi* heere:

Answering before we do demand of them.

*Ant.* Tut I am in their bosomes, and I know

Wherefore they do it: They could be content

To visit other places, and come downe

With fearefull brauery: thinking by this face

To fasten in our thoughts that they haue Courage;

But 'tis not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Prepare you Generals,

The Enemy comes on in gallant shew:

Their bloody signe of Battell is hung out,

And something to be done immediately.

*Ant.* *Octavius*, leade your Battaile softly on

Vpon the left hand of the cuen Field.

*Octa.* Vpon the right hand I keepe thou the left.

*Ant.* Why do you crosse me in this exigent.

*Octa.* I do not crosse you: but I will do so. *March.*

*Drum.* *Enter Brutus, Cassius, & their Army.*

*Bru.* They stand, and would haue parley.

*Cassi.* Stand fast *Tutinius*, we must out and talke.

*Octa.* Mark *Antony*, shall we giue signe of Battaile?

*Ant.* No *Cesar*, we will answer on their Charge.